

or, "ivan, do you remember when we took jodie to quebec and how he loved the chateau frontenac and the plains of abraham ..."

or, "ivan, he's teaching out in california now ..."

it was strange, but i didn't mind, and no terribly embarrassing revelations emerged from it.

the circuits of the mind are as easily crossed as any other circuitry:

when a number of my children are in proximity i'll invariably begin to interchange their names, although i never do it when dealing with them individually.

eventually, my mother would come back to the present and say, "oh, you are jodie, aren't you? ... i thought for a moment there you were your father ..."

and i realized that she must have actually missed him all these years, which, having observed them for seventeen years, i had never really believed,

and i also saw how right i had been to flee and stay flown from

the role for which i had been understudy.

WAITING FOR ANYTHING

when my students deride how many millions of dollars arnold schwartzenegger got paid for speaking so few lines in terminator: 2, i

say, "he puts people in the seats. the film isn't losing money, is it?"

and i wonder if it is really stupider to sit through, say, professional wrestling than, say, waiting for godot.